

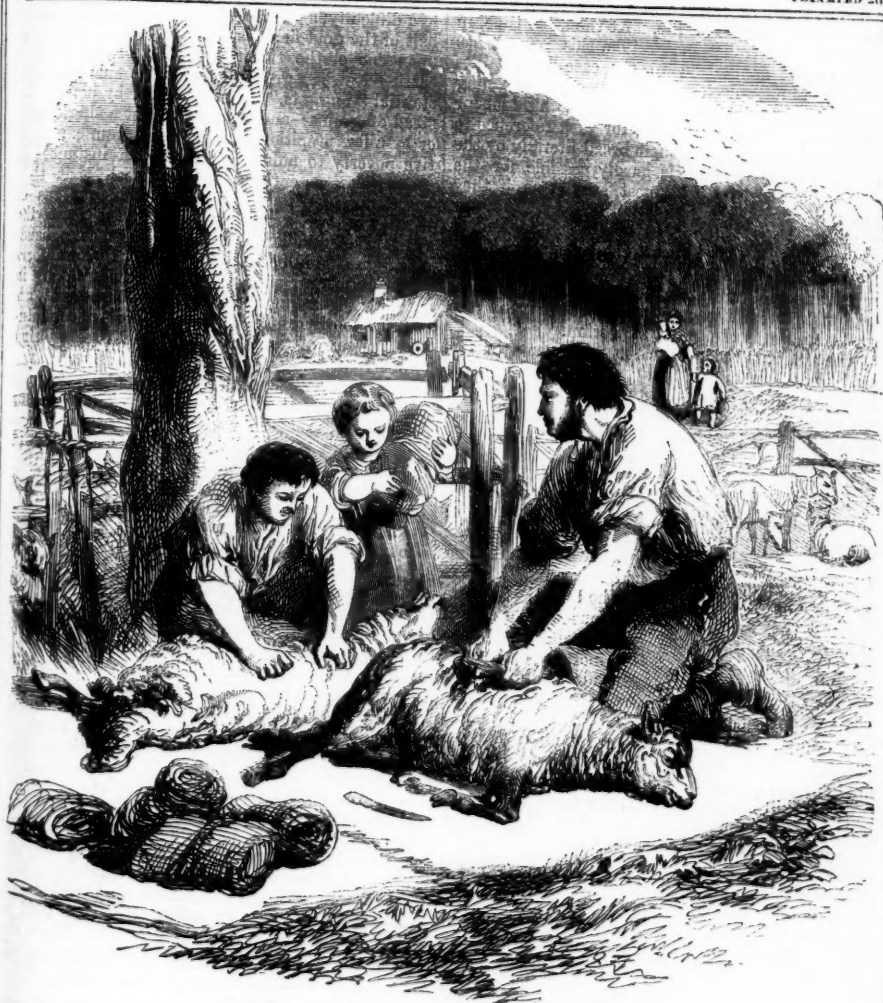
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SKETCHES OF EMIGRANT LIFE:—SHEEP-SHEARING.

AUSTRALIA:

IV.—EMIGRANTS AND EMIGRATION.

To emigrate to a far distant land is a step of such obvious moment, so vitally affecting the happiness of life, and so like adventuring upon an untried

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ocean, which, with features favourable to a pleasant and prosperous voyage, is sure to have storms, shoals, rocks, and breakers—that without a full knowledge of the circumstances, dispositions, habits, and capabilities of individuals, no opinion can

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be expressed as to their personal eligibility for the enterprise. The responsibility of determining upon the measure, must in general be left entirely to the parties themselves; and in the absence of an audibly divine voice, saying, "Get thee out from thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land which I shall show thee," they must carefully compare home and foreign prospects, impartially estimate their own energy of character and capacity for self-denial; as without such qualities, it is only a daydream of the imagination to suppose that simply choosing a different scene of action will render them victorious in the struggle of life. At the same time, in relation to Australian emigration, this remark has only special application to the case of families above the indigent class, and to respectable young men, who have not been accustomed to hard labour and domestic inconveniences; for with reference to the sons of toil, earning their bread literally by the sweat of their brow, it is hardly possible for the step to be otherwise than most auspicious, if they are only sober, industrious, and healthy. Assuming a departure to the opposite hemisphere decided upon, we will briefly indicate the prospects of different classes, and give some practical information relative to the transition which may be of service, beginning with those to whom digging up the glittering ore is the grand attraction.

The remarks made in a former paper upon the gold-fields are amply justified by advices which have since come to hand. It is desirable to record the latest information, dated at the commencement of April last. Operations had been largely interrupted at Ophir, and on the Turon, owing to floods, in consequence of which many of the diggers had retired to Sydney, where provisions were cheap, till the streams abated. An opposite state of things prevailed in the sister-colony of Victoria. The miners had suffered to a fearful extent from the want of water; and had retreated in great numbers to the towns, to wait the arrival of a more favourable season. New auriferous sites had been discovered; and the promise was maintained of the yield of gold answering the most sanguine expectations. The weekly produce of all the fields is estimated at about 35,000 ounces of the precious metal. This is at the rate of 1,820,000 ounces per annum, which gives a money value, at 63s. per ounce, of nearly 6,000,000*l.*; and it is confidently stated that, owing to additional adventurers, and greater skill being employed, the annual gold produce will amount to not less than the value of 10,000,000*l.* But let us take a sober view of the actual result. It is estimated that the mining population of Victoria now numbers 70,000; but as errors of exaggeration are commonly committed in such estimates, we will suppose the yield of 35,000 ounces to represent the labour of 50,000 persons. The result will be nearly three-quarters of an ounce of gold weekly per man, which, at the above price, will be represented by about 47s. The cost of the licence, and the high rate of certain indispensable articles at the diggings, besides food for man and horse, largely abate these average earnings. Flour at Mount Alexander is given at 6*d.* per lb.; butter, 2s. 6*d.*; cheese, of very poor quality, 2s. 3*d.*; maize, 12s. 6*d.* per bushel; bran, 6s.; oats, 20s.; and tubs for washing the soil,

20s. each. Horses are necessary to cart away the earth where water is at a distance—a very common occurrence. Licences being individual, a party of three or four will have to pay 30s. per month each, and even the one who acts as cook, or tent-keeper, must have a licence*. Splendid, therefore, as is the aggregate result; yet when distributed among the thousands working like galley-slaves to obtain it, and properly checked by expenses, the average return for such labour has nothing to excite cupidity, and will not recommend it to the reflective working man, when adequate remuneration may be obtained in other channels, with greater certainty, less difficulty, and vastly more comfort. The grand bait of the gold-fields is the possibility of pouncing upon one of the richer "pockets" of our mother earth—drawing great prizes in the shape of substantial "nuggets," to be weighed by pounds instead of grains—and thus passing at a single leap, or by a few propitious explorations, from comparative poverty to affluence. But such instances of success are so entirely problematical, that they ought to be dismissed from the calculations of those who are sacrificing their all to reach the sites of Australian gold. On the other hand, attention should be paid to the fact, that numbers of gold-seekers, after labouring comparatively in vain, and spending their strength for nought, are reduced to distress, and inherit a broken constitution, instead of the fondly cherished dream being realized of going out with pick and shovel some fine morning in a penniless state, and returning with a fortune at their command. There can be little doubt, that the vast majority of the actual gold-diggers would be better paid eventually if, instead of depending on their own produce, they were working for regular wages, under employers of skill to direct their operations and of capital to sustain temporary disappointments. Such is now the state of mining adventure in California, and it will probably ere long become that of Australia also. Of the former region it has been stated, that of every hundred persons who have gone thither, fifty have been ruined, forty are no better off than they would have been had they remained at home, five are a little better, four still better, and one has realized wealth.

Records of individual experience of the successful kind abundantly illustrate the uncertain result of toil, with its onerous nature and the discomforts and hardships to be endured in the prosecution of it. "We have made," says one party at Mount Alexander, "a beginning; had our licence yesterday, 4th February; are sinking three pits. We perhaps go from twenty to thirty feet deep through rock as hard as iron; indeed it is an amalgamation of ironstone and granite, coiled up together—an eruption some time or other, and thus gold is found beneath it in pockets or veins. There are many hardships and privations to endure by all

* The form of the licence is as follows:—"The bearer, Robert Grubgold, having paid to me the sum of One Pound Ten Shillings, on account of the Territorial Revenue, I hereby license him to dig, search for, and remove Gold on or from any such Crown land within the County of Bathurst as I shall assign to him for that purpose, during the month of —, 185—. This licence must be produced whenever demanded by me or other person acting under the authority of the Government. (Signed) A. B.,
"Commissioner."

who dig for gold, but some are fortunate enough to repay themselves well for their pains. I know one party of six who met with 10,000*l.* worth, and perhaps their next pit, after sinking down twenty-five or thirty feet, may not produce a crown's worth, after perhaps a fortnight's work, and that very hard. I knew four brothers who came out in the same ship with me, who sank twenty-two pits before they got anything, and lost 180*l.*, but the twenty-third pit proved lucky, and paid them for their losses; so you see it is quite a lottery. Many give it up for a bad job, and lose all they have, and want food, while others pay their expenses, and some make their fortunes. Hundreds are swollen blind, or nearly so, through the sun and a small fly which bites the eye. Many suffer through dysentery, sleeping on the ground. Thank God, we are all well, except our hands, which, if the skin is broken anyway, fester. Almost every person has bad hands and knuckles, knocking them against the sides of the pits. Ironstone and quartz cut like glass, so there are many things to put up with. We have sunk three pits, but little gold yet; hope it will be better next week, but it is uncertain; must live in hopes of doing better—*nil desperandum*. It is awfully hot here, perspiration runs off one in style, sitting still."

The Victoria fields, owing to crowds of adventurers, are scenes of wild interest and strong excitement, especially by night. Let no one wishing for a quiet habitation, and not confident in the strength of his nerves, venture to their precincts. Stillness reigns at the camping-places during the day, the diggers being at work; but from dusk to midnight, the aspect of the ground is strangely barbaric. Fires blaze before every tent, and not unfrequently, from incaution, the landscape is further lighted up by the conflagration of a canvass tenement. Men are shouting their wants, or violently expressing their passions; guns are discharging in all directions to remind marauders of the reception that awaits them; and thousands of watch-dogs add their bark to the general din. Reports are most unfavourable respecting the state of society, neither property nor life being secure in various places, through gangs of desperadoes from Van Diemen's Land and the total absence or utter inadequacy of police regulations. "I have been engaged," says a medical man, writing from Friar's Creek, Mount Alexander, "in the several occupations of gold digging, gold buying, and doctoring gold diggers, having been to almost all the diggings that have at present been found in these vast auriferous regions. The state of society at this part of the diggings is low in the extreme; the greatest insecurity of life and property exists; bands of the greatest ruffians under the sun are prowling about, unmolested by the police or the diggers; and every night, and even in broad day, the most impudent robberies are committed. You will be surprised to hear that I never venture from my tent by night or day without my revolver in my hand; that I never lie down to sleep without it by my side; that we watch the tent by turns to save our property, for the ruffians, knowing that we have a considerable sum of money always in the tent, keep a bright look out upon us. We keep our tent prepared for a siege—muskets, pistols, bayo-

nets, and revolvers always ready. My medicine chest, which weighs about two hundred-weight, is elevated to the post of the treasury box, and to each handle we have a fierce dog. The night is generally enlivened by the cry of murder, the muffled cry of some poor fellow gagged, the barking of dogs, and the occasional report of some description of fire-arms. We dare not stir, even if we see a man being robbed or gagged twenty yards off; for it is just a chance that it is a 'plant,' as they call it here, to draw you from your tent and then to sack it." The advertisements in our daily papers bear testimony to the reign of lawlessness. Rifles, revolvers, and arms of all kinds are offered to emigrants at the lowest possible prices. Thus, John Spitfire & Son, gunmakers, 10, Thunderbolt-street, "beg respectfully to inform gentlemen proceeding to Australia, that they have always on hand a large stock of guns, pistols, and rifles, suitable for the colonies, at very moderate prices; the newly improved six-chamber revolving pistols (a most useful defensive arm for those proceeding to the diggings); every description of shooting tackle."

Still, in spite of hazard and hardship, emigrants will rush to the diggings, influenced by an insatiable thirst for gold, and the love of exciting adventures. We have only to tell such parties what they have to expect, and then leave consequences to themselves. Office-clerks, and neatly attired attendants at the counter, will find breaking stones by the road-side in England an easy and genteel employment compared to gold digging. They may surely calculate upon stiff limbs, sore knuckles, inflamed eyes, blistered and swollen faces, rheumatic cramps and twinges from exposure to alternating heat and cold, along with garments as wet, dirty, and ragged as ever were seen in the annals of beggary, and often only water of the filthiest description to drink, which a bullock would hardly taste to at home. They may be strong enough to bear up under this discipline, and perchance be disabled by it, or disgusted with it in a week. They may also hit upon one of nature's well-stored "pockets," and be amply remunerated; or have unprofitably to hack and hew their way through twenty feet of rock, washing tons of grit and gravel, till means are expended, and little strength is left for ordinary paying employments. These are contingencies of the case which certainly demand serious consideration. On proceeding to this field of labour a few tools may be taken out, not occupying much space; but all cumbrous implements are better purchased abroad. Clothing adapted to heavy rains and sleet storms, to which the mining districts are subject, and tents, are indispensable.

The needy dependants of the upper ranks; the struggling of the middle classes; small traders and farmers who have large families, with some means left, but no prospect at home, except that of seeing their little capital annually dwindle, while their children are reduced to menial service; and the really poor; may hopefully contemplate commercial, agricultural, or pastoral industry in Australia. But it behoves the former to settle well the point beforehand, whether they can dispense with those appearances of gentility common to the circles in which they have moved—white hands and kid

gloves; can renounce feather-bed comforts, rough it in the bush as occasion demands, becoming not metaphorically but literally hewers of wood and drawers of water, pitching their own tent, lighting their own fire, and cooking their own food. If they can do this, and decidedly prefer seeking an active independence to the lounging life of drones, they may emigrate with the prospect of success, but certainly not otherwise. Persons with money should on no account invest it in goods, to be taken out on speculation; for loss will be added to endless trouble and vexation, as they cannot compete with the established mercantile firms. On getting out—a task of little difficulty to such parties—they will do well to take to some temporary employment, easily obtainable, before investing their means in the purchase or lease of land and procuring stock, placing their cash in the mean time in the banks. This will afford time to choose a suitable location and gain colonial experience, should agriculture or stock-farming be contemplated; for previous training in these pursuits is of little avail to their prosecution in an entirely new position, and is often a hindrance. Children, who are here incumbrances to the needy man, dead weights upon his progress, are in Australia valuable auxiliaries, realizing the scriptural saying, "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them."

We quote the following from the printed circular of the Committee of Australian Colonists, 11, Poultry, London, who corresponding with the colonies, possess ample information respecting their circumstances, and readily place their knowledge at the disposal of inquirers. A working farmer, or a market gardener, may always earn a comfortable living by renting or purchasing land within a convenient distance of a town. The following trades are good:—carpenter, blacksmith (first-rate), bricklayer, stonemason, sawyer, well-sinker, miner, wheelwright, tailor, bootmaker, tanner; in short, all trades, except those hereinafter mentioned. Ornamental trades are in very moderate demand, such as carvers and gilders, etc. Demand for composers and printers limited. A man who can handle tools in a rough useful manner, drive a team, fell, dig, and plough, and understands cattle, will do best of all. For industrious, sober, married couples, suitable for farm servants and shepherds, and for stout intelligent boys of ten and upwards, the demand may be said to be unlimited. Good wages may also be earned by the young children of a shepherd, or ploughman, from even the age of eight.

To the thousands dependent upon weekly wages, and inured to hard manual toil, emigration to Australia is like passing from the wilderness to the land of promise, no matter whether life has been spent in smoky cities or rural retreats, at the loom or at the plough. It is only required of the labourer to be strong of body and mind, ready for work and able to do it, loving an industrious independence better than a degrading pauperism, and a serene mind more than drink; for if sottish habits have been contracted, they will be facilitated by the cheapness of intoxicating beverages, and prove as much a bane and curse at the antipodes as in the old country. General reliance may be placed upon the annexed items relative to wages,

which have only been subject to an upward tendency since the date of publication:—

Married couples, for home stations, 45 <i>l.</i> to 50 <i>l.</i> per ann.	Bush carpenters, 40 <i>l.</i> to 45 <i>l.</i> per annum.
Married couples, as house servants, 50 <i>l.</i>	Bush carpenters, per week, 2 <i>s.</i> to 3 <i>s.</i>
Married couples, as farm servants, 40 <i>l.</i> to 45 <i>l.</i> and 50 <i>l.</i>	House carpenters, per week, 3 <i>s.</i>
Married couples, for out-stations, 35 <i>l.</i> to 40 <i>l.</i>	Fencers, per rod, 1 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> to 2 <i>s.</i> per annum.
Labourers, 1 <i>l.</i> per week.	Wheelwrights, 55 <i>l.</i> to 60 <i>l.</i> per annum.
Shepherds, 25 <i>l.</i> per annum.	Stockkeepers, 35 <i>l.</i>
Shepherds, per week, 15 <i>s.</i> to 16 <i>s.</i>	Milk and dairy men, 35 <i>l.</i>
Hutkeepers, 24 <i>l.</i> per annum.	Milk and dairy men, per week, 15 <i>s.</i>
Hutkeepers, at home stations, 28 <i>l.</i>	Reapers, 12 <i>s.</i> to 14 <i>s.</i> per acre.
Generally useful servants, 26 <i>l.</i> to 30 <i>l.</i>	Shearers, 16 <i>s.</i> 8 <i>d.</i> per hundred sheep.
Bullock drivers, 35 <i>l.</i>	
Bullock drivers, per week, 1 <i>l.</i>	
Ploughmen, 35 <i>l.</i> per annum.	
Ploughmen and farm servants, per week, 14 <i>s.</i> to 1 <i>l.</i>	
Gardeners, 40 <i>l.</i> per annum.	
Gardeners, per week, 17 <i>s.</i> to 1 <i>l.</i>	
Jobbing men, on stations, 15 <i>s.</i> to 1 <i>l.</i> per week.	

FEMALE SERVANTS.

Thorough servants, 16 <i>l.</i> to 18 <i>l.</i>
Housemaids, 14 <i>l.</i> to 16 <i>l.</i>
Cooks, 18 <i>l.</i> to 20 <i>l.</i>
Landresses, 18 <i>l.</i> to 20 <i>l.</i>
Nursemaids, 8 <i>l.</i> to 12 <i>l.</i>
Nursery governesses or needle-women, 15 <i>l.</i> to 18 <i>l.</i> *

It is important to remember, that in addition to these money wages, board and lodging are provided. House servants, of course, share with the family; but farm labourers, shepherds, stockmen, and other hired assistants at grazing establishments, have separate huts found for them, with cooking utensils and weekly rations consisting of 10*lb.* flour, from 10*lb.* to 14*lb.* butchers' meat, 2*lb.* sugar, and $\frac{1}{2}$ *lb.* tea. Such provisions would be deemed affluence by a Dorsetshire or Wiltshire peasant, who has to maintain a family and pay rent, perhaps on 9*s.* per week. To such a man mere existence is often a struggle. Even if in the possession of transcendent abilities, he has frequently scarcely any prospect of rising in the world and bettering his condition. He commences his career as a weekly labourer, and the great probability is, whatever his talents and industry, that as a weekly labourer he will end his days. But "hope's fair star" shines resplendent to the eye of the Australian peasant. He may, if not improvident, in a few years save sufficient out of his ordinary wages to purchase a small farm, and make some permanent provision for himself and family.

There has always been in Australia, to the injury of manners and morals, a deficiency of females as compared with the opposite sex. This disproportion, though greatly abated of late years, still exists to a serious extent, and is doubtless at present on the increase, owing to male emigration to the gold regions. In England, while females are in excess, an immense number are without the prospect of adequate maintenance or protection, procuring a miserable subsistence as needle-women, and exposed to social degradation by the hardships of their lot. The position of such would be vastly advanced in the colonies, where there is scarcely any limit to the demand for them as domestic servants; nor is it trenching upon the bounds of delicacy to state, that they are wanted for a speedy settlement in married life and in comfortable houses. But in order to this result, proper testi-

* The above scale of wages agrees with the table of the Victoria labour market in December, 1851, as published by the Committee of Australian Colonies in London. They add: "It is believed that the above rates of wages obtain in all the Australian colonies."

mony as to their history and character must be taken out; and the protection of relatives on shipboard is needed, or of those who will answer for their respectability. This may be obtained by the friendless, whose credit is undeniable, through the medium of the Female Emigration Society, founded by Mr. Sydney Herbert, and other committees in London formed for the same purpose. The best advice that we can give to such on getting out is, not to make friends too fast; for, though there are many good and worthy people in the colonies and on the way to them, there are many of an entirely opposite class; not to take to the employment that offers to bring the most money, but that which is most conducive to the maintenance of good principles, estimable character, sound health, and general happiness; and not to be in haste to marry, as the evil of an unsuitable alliance may thereby be incurred; whereas, a happy one is almost certain to the virtuous and industrious, who are content to wait for it. Governesses, and others of education, not used to handicrafts, but accustomed to move in genteel circumstances, are not in request as such, nor as wives, unless they can accommodate themselves to the ruder domesticities of life, and dispense with many social comforts. Thoroughly must the idea of a canary-bird kind of existence be dismissed. The Australian settler is eminently a utilitarian in matrimony. He wants a churning, baking, pickling, cheese-making helpmate; one who will soil her fingers as occasion demands, be up with the lark, and lay "her hands to the spindle;" not a dancing, painting, novel-reading, poetising companion. The girl who is reputable and active, ready-handed and stout-hearted, though with few personal pretensions, is an eligible candidate for emigration, while any marked predilection for toilet-tables and crochet-work, singing "I'd be a butterfly," or strumming the "Battle of Prague," are decided symptoms of unfitness.

The persons most wanted in Australia are those who are the least able to get there by their own resources. But to meet this difficulty funds have been provided by the colonies for the transport of approved emigrants, which are administered by the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners according to fixed rules. 1. The most eligible are married agricultural labourers, shepherds, or herdsmen, and women of the working class. These are taken, up to the age of 45, at 12s. per head; between 45 and 50, at 52s. per head; and between 50 and 60 (when they are comparatively useless to the colony), at 112s. per head. 2. The next best class are married mechanics and artisans, and these with their wives are taken up to 45, at 22s.; between 45 and 50, at 62s.; and between 50 and 60, at 142s. 3. The children of both these classes, under 14, pay 10s. a-head. 4. Single men, if accompanying their parents, are required to pay 22s. a-head, and if not accompanying their parents, 32s. a-head. Of the latter, very few are taken, both because they are the most likely at once to resort to the gold-fields, and because there is already so great an excess of males in Australia. 5. Families with more than four children under 12, are also considered ineligible, both because a number of young children interferes with the engagements of the parents in the colony, and because their presence on shipboard tends to engender sickness and

to increase mortality. 6. Single women under 18 are not eligible, unless under the care of their parents. Certificates of good conduct are required to obtain these free passages. For the sum paid, the emigrant gets a mattress, bolster, blankets, counterpanes, canvass-bags, knife, fork, drinking mug, which will be useful in the colony. During the first five months of the present year, 12,000 emigrants were in this way sent out; and on June 1, for the remaining seven months, government had in hand funds sufficient for the despatch of 20,000 more. Further particulars may be obtained of S. Walcott, esq., Secretary, Emigration Commission, 15, Park-street, Westminster.

To persons who can pay for their own passage, the Family Colonisation Society, originated by Mrs. Chisholm, offers important facilities, securing to those who comply with its terms a cheap, safe, and respectable transit. Intending emigrants who desire to go out in the Society's vessels, must first become members of it, stating their name and age, place of residence and occupation, whether married or single, and paying an entrance-fee of 1s. each (the same for children) on having their names enrolled. But in order to be accepted, certificates of good character must be produced from at least two respectable householders; and married persons are required to show their marriage certificates. Meetings are held for the purpose of forming emigrants into family groups, and introducing friendless young women to the heads of families, who are responsible for their welfare during the voyage, the same protection being offered to youths. The price of passage varies, owing to the variation in prices at which vessels can be procured at different periods; but it may average about 15l. per head, which is payable by weekly instalments. Children between one and fourteen years of age are taken at half price, and infants go free. None but A 1 ships, that is the best class, are engaged; and each vessel carries an experienced surgeon. Inclosed cabins are furnished to each family, of a size according to the number of individuals. Children above fourteen years of age are provided with compartments for sleeping separate from those of their parents. One inclosed cabin is allotted to seven single families; also an inclosed cabin for seven young men, in parts of the vessel appropriated by classification to those berths. All passengers are on a footing of equality; all possess the privilege of walking on the poop; and are amply secured against any over-crowding of the vessel. Any information that may be desired can be obtained by applying personally between 10 and 12 A.M., or by letter, to Mrs. Chisholm, 3, Charlton-crescent, Islington, or at 29, Bucklersbury, City. If application be made by letter, two stamps must be inclosed for reply, or no answer will be sent.

A third mode of obtaining a passage is by arrangement with a private shipowner, and the emigrant has need to exercise the greatest caution in all his proceedings. He should on no account treat with agents, but with respectable ship brokers; select a moderate-sized vessel, registered A 1 at Lloyd's, with a good height between decks; ascertain that no patent fuel or foul cargo is on board; have his exact cabin or berth pointed out; examine the quantity of provisions and water allowed per

week; and, if taking children with him, see that they are not to be put upon half or quarter rations. A written agreement should be obtained respecting the time of sailing, for the dates announced in advertisements are frequently changed.

The following is the minimum list of outfit required for government emigrants:—

For Males.	For Females.
Six shirts.	Six shifts.
Six pairs stockings.	Two flannel petticoats.
Two ditto shoes.	Six pairs stockings.
Two complete suits of extra clothing.	Two ditto shoes.
	Two gowns.

With sheets, towels, and soap. Two or three serge shirts for men, and flannel for women and children, are strongly recommended. This being the smallest outfit allowed, emigrants should, if possible, furnish themselves with a greater number of each article, and a good supply of flannel and under-clothing; and as very hot and cold weather will be experienced, the apparel should be adapted to both extremes. Any garments at all fit for use, and suited to these conditions, will suffice on shipboard. Strong boots, striped sailor shirts, blue or red woollen Jerseys, fustian or cord trousers, a good blanket, a waterproof rug for sleeping on damp ground, a large loose coat well lined with mackintosh, caps, and a northwester, are needful articles. On board Mrs. Chisholm's ships, conveniences are provided for washing clothes twice a week, which renders it less necessary to take a large supply of linen for the voyage. As to other personal effects, the rule is to take nothing but what is absolutely indispensable to colonial life, in order to avoid incumbrance and expense. Mechanics and artisans should take such tools as are required for their occupations, if not heavy or cumbersome; and some articles of domestic furniture, as knives and forks, which may be packed in small compass, will be serviceable. A few stores in addition to those provided by the shipowner, as effervescent draughts lime-juice, disinfecting fluid, simple medicines, and savoury food, are highly useful and convenient on the passage, especially in the case of families. All packages of baggage should be distinctly marked with the name of the owner, and also with the words "cabin," "wanted on the voyage," or "not wanted on the voyage," in order that they may be properly stowed. One book—the Bible—we trust the emigrant will not forget to carry; and let him prize it as his best treasure, adapted to strengthen his mind under difficulty, soothe him in sorrow, and guide his footsteps from the uttermost parts of the earth to "a better country" than the land of his birth, or that of his adoption. Let him search it with earnest prayer for the enlightening influences of the Holy Spirit. Reconciled to God through faith in the Son of his love, and taking up the light and easy yoke of Christ, he will in all his wanderings have a Friend and Father to sustain, console, and support him.

A VISIT TO THE CORK EXHIBITION.

It was remarked by the late lamented Eliot Warburton, in his "Memoirs of Horace Walpole," that "It seems to be the peculiar characteristic of the Irish, that they should on trifling occasions, and

for unworthy causes, expend those energies which, properly directed, might lead to their assuming the dignified position of a people." There is much truth in this; and unhappily there are still deeper causes for the moral and physical degradation of that eminently intelligent and vivacious race, into which it is not our present purpose to enter. We introduce the observation as a prelude to a brief notice of the National Industrial Exhibition, now open in Cork, and which presents a cheering foretaste of what Ireland may accomplish, when striving, not amid the crooked paths of political agitation, but in the peaceful road of industrial art and science.

Not many months since, the idea was first started of holding in our "beautiful city" of the south, an Exposition of Industry, every article being *bonâ fide* Irish. Great exertions were made to carry out this object. The Corn-market, a new and handsome building, was lent by its trustees, and it was instantly placed in the hands of a skilful architect to be rendered as far as possible worthy of the purpose for which it was designed. It would be tedious to dwell on the progress and statistics of the erection; it will suffice to remark, that it gave employment to crowds of hungry artisans, and enabled many a poor decent family to escape the stern alternatives of poverty—starvation, or the workhouse. While the building was in progress, the question arose—"What shall we get to fill it with?" And most satisfactorily has that question been answered. The rooms consist of one long, lofty, arch-roofed hall, named the Fine Arts' Court. At one end is a magnificent organ by Telford, which is played on every day. At the other, you ascend a few steps, and come into the work, embroidery, and lace department. Two side halls—transepts they are called by courtesy—open out of the principal court. From these again you enter an antiquarian department, a statutory room, a machinery room, and a department of the useful, but not ornamental, manufactures. In one obscure nook of this portion of the building are interesting specimens of the various articles made in gaols and workhouses. Amongst the latter are several collars of sewed muslin work, done with coarse thread on coarser muslin, but touching from the words affixed to each:—"Johanna Burke, aged 12; 11 years in the house." "Adelaide Chapman, aged 9; 7 years in the house." "Julia Daly, aged 8; 6 years in the house." Poor little ones! knowing no home for their infancy but the bleak walls of an union workhouse; and yet it is well for them too to have even that shelter from the idleness, vice, and starvation of our city alleys.

There are several fine paintings, all by Irish artists, in the Fine Arts' Court. Amongst these, one of the best is MacLise's design for the fresco executed in the House of Lords—"The Spirit of Justice." And beneath it, on an old crumpled bit of paper, is a pencilled likeness of Sir W. Scott, taken by MacLise when a young boy, on the occasion of that great author's visit to Cork. It is an interesting relic; and a useful lesson may be learned from the artist's career: his own genius and industry having raised him, from the poverty and obscurity of his origin, to the lofty position which he now occupies amongst the living painters of Britain. Danby's splendid picture to illustrate Shakespeare's

"Tempest," and which it is difficult to believe mere paint and canvass, and not real sea and sky, adorns the opposite wall. But it would be tedious to enumerate all the fine paintings which the Exhibition comprises; and, at best, written descriptions can convey but a very imperfect idea of objects of sight. We will, therefore, turn to the specimens of oak carving, several of which are exquisite. Perhaps all our readers may not be aware that, lying deep beneath the surface of the Irish bogs, huge trunks of oak-trees are frequently discovered, the timber perfectly preserved, as black as ebony from age, and susceptible of a very high polish. During late years, the manufacture of this wood into various useful and ornamental forms has become an important branch of Irish industry. The beauty and exquisite finish of some of the articles are quite wonderful. From a tiny brooch, or ornament for a lady's watch-chain, to large pieces of furniture, every thing has been made of it. There are several specimens in the Exhibition which might vie with the most elaborate pieces of foreign mediæval carving. This elegant and useful branch of industry already gives employment to numbers of artisans, and promises to extend daily.

Many fine pieces of sculpture, all by native artists, adorn the Exhibition. In the department of antiquities is the ancient Irish harp belonging to the University Museum, commonly called Brian Boru's harp. The tradition is, that some time after the death of Brian, who was killed at Clontarf by the Danes, in 1014, it was presented to the pope of Rome, one of whose successors presented it to Henry VIII, by whom it was returned to Ireland to be figured on his coins, in compliment to the musical taste of the Irish. In the course of the last century it was given to the Dublin University Museum in a mutilated state. The present director of the Museum, Dr. Bull, restored the parts of the harp to their proper position, and supplied the lost portions from analogy. These consisted of about five inches of the lower end of the bow and the foot of the harp. The national emblem, the shamrock, which is seen on the original, having two leaves of a scroll pattern, has been carried down in the restoration on the part supplied. The I. H. S. in one of its early forms is engraven on the arm. The harp, when perfect, had thirty strings, and though it is now impossible to prove that it was Brian Boru's, it has not been questioned that it is the oldest known Irish harp. It is about four feet in length, of graceful design, and ornamented with geometrical tracery, scroll work and jewels.

There is also a curious piece of oak panel, with tritons carved in relief, dated 1620, taken from a house in Cork, in which king James II at one time sojourned.

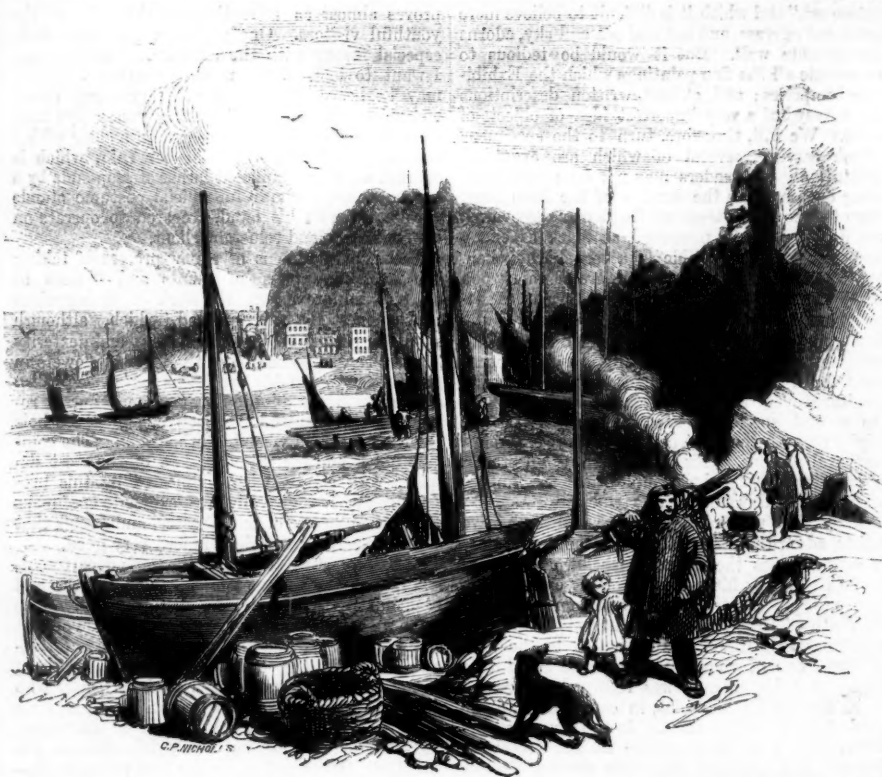
In the northern hall are some ingenious novelties, exhibited by Mrs. Veevers of Mohill, consisting of parasol covers, black embroidered silk mits, twines, veils, insertion, fishing-line and network, made from the fibres of woodbine, nasturtium, marsh-mallows, *kerria japonica*, and Solomon's seal. How many objects are still lying useless around us, which by ingenuity and industry may be elaborated into articles of utility or ornament.

There is a very pretty collection of stuffed animals, which although, of course, greatly inferior to the far-famed "Comical Creatures from Wurtemberg,"

proves almost as attractive as they did to the youthful visitors. One group in particular finds especial favour with the children. "Come, papa, I want to look at the monkey shaving the cat," may be heard from many a little coaxing voice; and many a bright and laughing young eye may be seen fixed on poor puss, seated on a chair with a napkin pinned tightly under her chin, which is covered with a magnificent lather of soap-suds by a barber monkey, who in full official costume stands with a razor in his hand, prepared to operate on his frightened and reluctant client.

Beautiful specimens of a new process of taking off exact fac-similes of plants and flowers in printers' ink are shown, the work of an ingenious gentleman. By this method, which, although simple in theory, requires much care and dexterity in practice, the botanist and the lover of flowers in general can make his specimens *paint their own likeness*. Every minute fibre and marking is reproduced in beautiful perspective, and the whole has the effect of a very fine lithograph. The common nettle and the bramble, two of the most despised wild plants, when delineated by this process, look what they really are—exquisite specimens of the handiwork of our Creator, and proofs that everything He has made is indeed very good.

It is interesting to turn to the work department, and inspect the various fabrics, which, delicate and beautiful in themselves, are doubly worth notice when we remember that the greater portion of that crochet-work, so fine that it is difficult to distinguish it from the best Guipure lace, has been wrought by the fingers of wild Irish girls, who most probably have never known in their lives what it was to taste animal food, or to wear shoes and stockings! During the potato famine, the late Lady Deane, acting on the true principle, that reproductive industry, and not gratuitous almsgiving, is the proper method of bettering the condition of the poor, established at Blackrock, near Cork, a plan of instructing the female children and adults in crochet-work. There was no building for the purpose, no regular school; that would have required large funds, and would not, after all, have answered the benevolent purpose intended so effectually as letting each girl work in her own cabin at her leisure moments, and receive every week the price of her industry. During the last five trying years, many families have been preserved from actual starvation by these earnings of their female members. By practice and perseverance, the workers have now reached such perfection in their elegant art, that large orders for the work arrive almost every day from various parts of the three kingdoms, and it can hardly be produced in sufficient quantities to meet the demand. It is needless to say, that not only the physical but the moral condition of the workers is raised by the cultivation of industrious habits, and the delightful consciousness that they are ministering to the support, in many cases preserving the very lives, of sickly or aged parents and helpless little brothers and sisters. Indeed, without any patriotic partiality, we may fairly assert that the Exhibition is highly creditable to the taste, talent, and industry of Ireland, and we trust it is only a foretaste of better things to come for that hitherto misguided and degraded land.



A DAY OR TWO AT HASTINGS.

WE arrived at Hastings by an early morning train; and being entire strangers to the place, immediately commenced a survey, after securing a temporary home. Except in the article of dust, of which there appears to be a plethora at the present moment, we found the town remarkably clean and well ordered. Preferring the old to the new, we naturally first directed our course to Hastings proper, as distinguished from the new suburb of St. Leonard's. The old town consists of an assemblage of old-fashioned and narrow streets, among which are many buildings of a modern character and recent date. There is no lack of handsome and well-filled shops and libraries, to say nothing of an extensive bazaar in the main street. A long parade of substantial stone-work fronts the sea, and forms an admirable promenade ground for the inhabitants. Passing along this from west to east, and threading certain narrow and somewhat fishy passages, we soon found ourself wandering in the fishermen's quarter upon the beach, beneath the massive, bold, and picturesque crags of the eastern cliffs. These cliffs present, perhaps, the finest artistic studies to be met with on the coast. The substance of the rock is not here, as it is at Ramsgate and Dover, of soft and soluble chalk; but of a light warm-coloured grey sandstone, which stands

piled in broad and regular stratification, mass above mass. As a consequence, the seaward surface of the cliff is much more irregular, and in places more precipitous and impending than it could be were the material chalk. Further, it is pierced in innumerable places by dark caverns, the work of many industrious generations of sand-boys and sand-merchants, to whom it presents an inexhaustible quarry. We understand, however, that their depredations have latterly been stopped by the interference of the corporation—not before some interference was required, seeing that they are reported to have undermined whole furlongs of the cliff. In one of these caverns thus artificially produced, we were informed that an Irish family, consisting, as Irish families often do, of animals as well as humans, had taken up their abode, and living free of rent, rates, or taxes, go by the designation of the Robinson Crusoes.

The broad level shingly beach beneath the cliff is nothing less than a fishermen's village, and presents a novel and interesting scene to the eye of a landsman. The huts built of pitched planks, in the form of long narrow black boxes stuck on end and heaped together in clusters, serving as well for warehouses of nets and fishing-tackle as for habitations, appear to be a modern improvement upon the plan of converting an old boat into a new house, by sticking its stern in the ground, and

transforming the hatchway into the parlour window. We arrived just in time to witness the ceremony of a fish auction, in which the seller appeared to transact the business according to some abstract formula with which we were unacquainted, and which it is not very easy for a bystander to fathom. It happened that there was very little fish for sale: the mackerel, it was averred, had left the coast; three-fifths of the boats had declined to go to sea, and those that went had returned without catching enough to pay expenses. Consequently, the beach was crowded with idlers, lazily smoking or sleeping in the shadow of their little cabins, while miles of tarry nets were undergoing the process of repair, or drying in the sun, along with the linen of 500 families, fluttering in the wind. Altogether, the population subsisting by the fishery amounts to between 3000 and 4000. There is a handsome fountain on the beach, a goodly stone erection, benevolently reared for the accommodation of the fishermen's families, and bearing the not unnecessary inscription, "Waste not, want not." Beyond the town in this direction the coast is indented in a succession of little bays and bold headlands; but he had need be a stout pedestrian who undertakes to travel far upon a beach which buries him up to the ancles in pebbles at every step, and against a stiff breeze blowing in his face.

Declining, therefore, the coast route, by which we thought of attaining to Lovers' Seat, we retraced our steps, and re-entering the town, ascended a hill towards the high grounds. A walk, partly along the road and partly through fields, brought us in less than an hour to Fairlight Place, where turning to the right, and descending an umbrageous and particularly swampy lane, we soon entered a delightful forest solitude, so completely overgrown with tall trees and thick underwood, that, with the exception of the path at our feet, not a foot of soil was visible. Following the path through sundry turnings and windings, we came suddenly upon the genius of the place in the shape of a sunburnt matron, who was literally "*pecubans sub tegmine fagi*," seeing that she reclined upon a bank in company with a dozen ginger-beer bottles, and as many biscuits, "under the shade of a wide-spreading beech-tree." We asked the way to Lovers' Seat, and she called a lad who had ensconced himself in the branches thirty feet above her head, and bade him "come down and show the gentleman the way." The boy dropped from his perch in an instant, and leading onwards, we soon emerged upon an open down, where it was as much as we could do to stand against the violence of the wind. Making head against the gale for the distance of a few hundred yards, a sudden turn and an abrupt descent of a few feet landed us on the famous Lovers' Seat. Seating ourselves upon the rude bench, and under shelter of the rock which forms a rough kind of arbour, we were at last enabled to look about us. The view from this elevated point is strikingly grand and wild. The spectator is seated upon the eastern edge of a wide ravine which opens in a vast chasm towards the sea. The centre and western side of the gorge are densely clad with wood and shrub almost down to the very margin of the beach. Beneath him is a craggy, precipitous, but not impossible descent of between 300 and 400 feet, and immediately in

front is the broad breast of ocean, flecked with cloud shadows—

"Now brilliant with sunbeams, now dimpled with oars,
Now dark with the fresh-blowing gale,"

and visible from this commanding elevation to a distance of fifty or sixty miles. Of course there is a foolish sentimental legend attached to this spot—a tale "of true love," of "cruel parents and guardians" who were outwitted in spite of all their precautions by the young couple who were bent on committing matrimony—and who *did* commit matrimony "and lived happily ever afterwards," as old stories say. We might relate the legend at full length, had we nothing better to write; but as facts are so much better, and sometimes so much stranger than fiction, perhaps we may be excused for substituting in its place a leaf or two from the life of an old man whom we found standing sentinel over a few strawberries and bottles of lemonade at Lovers' Seat. The day, though bright and brilliant with sunshine, was so excessively windy, that besides myself not a person had ventured forth upon this high ground, and we found the old man all alone with his little stock of refreshments, and pacing up and down upon the rocky platform waiting for customers. He had been a soldier, had seen much service abroad, and could speak half-a-dozen languages. He had spent the best part of his life in the battle-field during the long war against Napoleon. A German by birth, he had fought as a legionary for English pay. He was at the bombardment of Copenhagen in 1801, and in the subsequent operations in the Sound. He had undergone unspeakable sufferings in the disastrous retreat of Corunna under Sir John Moore, the horrors of which were still vivid in his recollection. He had subsequently joined the lines at Torres Vedras under Wellington, had stormed San Sebastian and Badajoz, and fought in almost every murderous conflict from Salamanca to Toulouse; and finally fleshed his bayonet at the crowning carnage of Waterloo. He had seen his comrades dashed down dead in ditches at the rate of hundreds a minute, or blown into the air like chaff by a whirlwind; he had been badly wounded himself three several times; and here he was after all, perched on a lone rock overlooking the sea, playing in his old age the part of Amphitryon to sentimental tourists, for the sake of a living. Conrad Oldershausen had got a pension of ninepence a day: "Bote you know," said he, "dat vont maintain de family; I moste do someting to keep de ouse." He showed his medals—one for Waterloo, and one for a whole column of battles fought in the Peninsula. Upon one of them the medallist had spelt his name wrong! What a practical satire upon warlike fame!

Leaving the old veteran "alone with his glory" and his lemonade, we retrace our steps to the wood we had left, and to the noble beech-tree, in a ravine in the rear of which our boy guide led us to the "Dripping Well." This is a very small but very picturesque little affair. A thin stream of clear sparkling water drips through innumerable crevices over the face of a rock into a channel below, where it is almost immediately lost in the rank and luxuriant grass and herbage. Here, parting with our guide, we descended some way through

Fairlight Glen, and skirting a wood on the right, came upon the old Dripping Well, which no longer drips. The ascent to it is not very pleasant, but there is a fine prospect from the summit above. Pursuing our way by the sea-board; now diving into a deep woody gorge with a swamp at the bottom, across which we swing by the aid of a friendly bough; now toiling wearily to the brow of some monster cliffs, from which we catch a panoramic picture of sea and land; now breasting the breeze by the side of the waving corn upon the very edge of the beetling rocks; we arrive at length at the grand and beautiful ravine or valley of Ecclesbourne. Next to Lovers' Seat, this is the most picturesque scene in the neighbourhood of Hastings. The glen is richly wooded and sheltered on either side by bold and lofty eminences. A few hundred yards inland stands the neat cottage of Rocklands, once the favourite retreat of George Canning; and far below at the base of the cliff is seen the coast-guard station, nestling under the rock at the edge of the sea. On the western side of the ravine is the entrance to the Strawberry Gardens, which we have the satisfaction to find well stocked at the time of our arrival, and where we are but too glad to sit and refresh ourself with the delicious fruit. The walk to Hastings from Ecclesbourne commences with a wearisome and almost perpendicular ascent to a height of nearly 300 feet, after which an agreeable and gradual descent leads us again into the town, near the Fish Market.

After dinner, being inclined for a leisurely stroll, we turned towards the fashionable quarter, or west end of Hastings, which bears the name of St. Leonard's. This elegant suburb was commenced but little more than twenty years ago, and for a long time was considered as a separate town, a mile and a half from Hastings. The interval is now, however, as completely filled up as that between London and Westminster, and the two towns are to all intents and purposes one, occupying a line of sea-beach two miles and a half in length. Some of the buildings are designed on a classic model, and bear a strong resemblance to those of Regent's Park, being the work of the same architect, though we question whether Mr. Burton had anything to do with the nondescript triumphal arch—half Roman, half Grecian, and whole abortion—which stands at the entrance of the Marina, and of which the less that is said the better. At the back of Maze-hill, to our thinking the finest portion of St. Leonard's, lie subscription gardens, a shady retreat, laid out with good taste in walks "whose curvature of slow and easy sweep gives ample space to narrow bounds." These gardens boast a piece of rock called the Conqueror's Table, from the supposition that William dined upon it after his landing. St. Leonard's has been frequently the residence of royalty; and the poet Campbell once occupied a house in the Colonnade, where he wrote his well-known "Address to the Sea"—a piece, by the way, which will not bear comparison with the one on the same subject, written at Scarborough, by James Montgomery. There are some curiosities in the shape of caves and excavations in the soft rock, to be seen in this neighbourhood. St. Leonard's Caves, near the church, are said to be worthy of inspec-

tion; they are inhabited by a family who exhibit them for a fee; the entire excavation is above 400 feet in length. Besides these, there are the St. Clement's Caves which run under the West-hill; they were originally the work of sand-diggers, but have been since enlarged and cut into saloons and illuminated for holiday purposes. The long rows of elegant buildings which make up St. Leonard's are fronted by a noble esplanade upon the sea margin; and this, almost joining with the stone parade of Hastings, affords the inhabitants a promenade of two miles in length. The coast to the west of St. Leonard's presents no temptations to the pedestrian. The cliffs have disappeared, and the land recedes in irregular and broken hillocks. The natural defence of the cliffs is substituted by Martello towers, now in the occupation of the Preventive service. They are dumpy round buildings, having at a distance very much the aspect of inverted washtubs.

We commenced our second day's view of Hastings by a morning visit to the old castle. Of the origin of this fortress, which is now nothing but an antique ruin occupying the crown of the West-hill, there is no information to be obtained. Grose conjectures that it was in existence in very early times, long before the coming of the Normans; a conjecture which is in some degree countenanced by the traces of a Roman encampment on the East-hill, which would seem to imply that the opposite eminence must have been fortified at the same period. After the battle of Hastings, the castle, with the rape or shore of Hastings, was given by William, to Robert earl of Eu, by one of whose descendants it was forfeited to the Crown, in the reign of Henry III. In the reign of Elizabeth the castle belonged to the Earl of Huntingdon, who sold it to Sir Thomas Pelham, through whom it has descended to the present owner, the earl of Chichester. It is evident from the appearance of the place that it has until recently been suffered to fall into complete neglect. For many years, perhaps centuries, the sheep and cattle browsed between its walls, which no man deemed worthy of preservation, and which became overgrown with herbage and heaped up with soil. In the year 1824, however, excavations were made by order of the present proprietor; and many interesting remains having been discovered, the inner area of the old castle was gradually denuded of the accumulations of centuries, and restored to its present condition. There are many legends relating to this place—the more, no doubt, because its real history is a blank. One of them states that Henry VIII here pestered a lady with his axe-boding addresses, and that she threw herself from the cliff to escape his true-love with a scaffold in perspective.

The ascent to the castle is a capital "constitutional." A toll of three-pence is demanded for admission; an elderly couple keeping watch and ward at the gate, and residing permanently in a portion of the old building refitted for their accommodation. We found the interior in excellent trim, resembling nothing so much as a tea-garden in the neighbourhood of London, and almost suggesting the suspicion that the ruins are a sham, got up as tea-garden ruins are, for the sake of the

picturesque. The suspicion, however, will not endure for a moment. The presence of hoar antiquity hovers over the spot where the deeds of a thousand years lie buried in oblivion. The massy walls of the ruinous old tower, and the time-worn steps by which you may ascend nearly to its summit, attest an age greater than that of the English monarchy; while the remains of the chapel, the chancel, nave, and aisle of which may yet be identified, together with the relics of an antique font, suggest the not impossible idea, that here, on this very spot, Christianity first found a home and a sanctuary on British soil. At the present day, whatever may have been its history during the past, the Castle of Hastings is literally

"The castle high of indolence"—

the place of holiday resort, of evening tea-parties and pic-nics. For all such purposes it is most admirably adapted and most conveniently situated, being accessible in a very few minutes from any part of the old town. The civil matron who looks after the threepences, will also boil the kettle and furnish the cream. There are seats and arbours, and blooming flowers, and smooth grassy swards, and no danger, spite of all the legends that have been said or sung, of tumbling over into the town below. We don't know a better use, after all, to which an old castle could be applied, and should have no objection to see a few more which we could mention, gutted for the same purpose. But we can stay here no longer, and must be off to Hollington and Battle, both of which we mean to see to-day.

Not being a bold dragon, or anything of the sort, we do not intend marching to Battle on foot; so we hire an open chaise which we find standing in the street, and for want of a companion, we are driven off alone towards Hollington. For the village of Hollington, if there be such a place, we care nothing; all we want to see is Hollington church, which bears the reputation of being a hermit church, standing alone in the middle of a wood. The drive thither leads us through a picturesque track, with occasional fine views both seaward and inland. After a run through cross-roads for about three-quarters of an hour, the driver pulls up suddenly at a five-barred gate opposite to an old barn, and announces that we have reached Hollington. We see nothing but the barn and the gate, which latter we are directed to climb over; we do so, and advancing some hundred yards, there stands the little church in the centre of the wood beneath. Descending the steep brow of the hill, a neat white wicket invites entrance a little to the left. Here a narrow foot-path, embowered with tall hazels, where the milk-white clusters, as yet untouched by ravaging boys, hang temptingly, leads forward to the little graveyard, in the centre of which, alone with the sunshine and the dead, stands the rude primitive miniature edifice. It is little more than a couple of small pan-tiled cottages placed side by side, the larger one having the additions of a small porch, two or three buttresses, and a wooden steeple very like the top of a windmill, and leaning most delightfully out of the perpendicular and over the roof. The windows are cottage casements, the fittings of the interior are of worm-eaten deal, and every plank, every pane of glass, and every stone

within reach, is cut, scratched, and carved with the names of innumerable pilgrims, who have thus left their memorials upon the spot. The graveyard is inclosed by a low hedge not higher than your elbow, which, at the present season, is almost one mass of wild roses matted together by the tendrils of the fragrant honeysuckle, and half buried in the long grass, among which the broad white blossoms of the dew-berry glimmer like stars. A delicious odour fills the air, in which the only sounds are the chirp of birds, and the hoarse dirge-like cawing of a solitary rook sailing slowly aloft. Around, "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," and have slept, some of them if one may judge from their mouldering tombs, for many generations; but we can learn nothing positive as to the date of this curious structure—all our inquiries terminating in a silly legend, ascribing its situation to the interference of the evil one with the operations of the builders. Not very many years ago Charles Lamb visited this spot, and thus describes it in a letter to Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet. "I have just returned from Hastings, where are exquisite views and walks.

There are spots, inland bays, etc., which realize the notions of Juan Fernandez. The best thing I lit upon by accident was a small country church (by whom or when built unknown) standing bare and single in the midst of a grove, with no house or appearance of habitation within a quarter of a mile, only passages diverging from it through beautiful woods to so many farm-houses. There it stands, like the first idea of a church, before parishioners were thought of, nothing but birds for its congregation; or like a hermit's oratory (the hermit dead), or a mausoleum; its effects singularly impressive, like a church found in a desert isle to startle Crusoe with a home image: you must make out a vicar and a congregation from fancy, for surely none come there; yet it wants not its pulpit and its font, and all the seemly additaments of our worship." The description of Lamb will hold good to the present hour, and the building may still suggest the same ideas to an imagination as rich as his. Standing upon a tombstone we caught a distant glimpse of the sea, and, in various directions, of the snug comfortable farmhouses whose inmates make up the actual congregation who weekly meet here for worship; and then taking another path through a stunted copse overshadowed by tall trees, and literally choked with wild flowers of all hues, we regained, by a circuitous route, the five-barred gate, not without looking back more than once upon this ecclesiastical old "babe in the wood."

The drive from Hollington church to Battle occupies the best part of an hour. The whole ride is through a picturesque track, increasing in interest as we recede from the coast. The town itself appears to consist of but one long street, containing nothing remarkable. The Abbey, which stands at the end of the town, is the grand source of attraction, being the ruined memorial of the great event which decided the fate of England, at the most critical period of her early history. It owed its erection to a vow made by the Conqueror to build and consecrate a church, if God would grant him success. It was commenced in the

second year of his reign, but was not finished until twenty-eight years after, in the reign of Rufus. The ruins at the present time occupy an area nearly a mile in circumference, though their aspect at a distance is anything but imposing. Very little of the original pile now remains, the greater part having been rebuilt under the later Henrys. After the dissolution, the abbey was granted to a person who, after dismantling it, and selling the materials, disposed of it to Sir Anthony Browne, and it was finally purchased by Sir Thomas Webster, an ancestor of the present owner. The mansion was erected by Sir Thomas, and it forms one of the sides of what was formerly an immense quadrangle. On entering it, the visitor is introduced into a fine baronial hall, 57 feet in height, as many in length, and 31 broad. Under the window at the south-end, and over a dais with a canopy, hangs an immense painting of the Battle of Hastings, by Wilkins. On the side walls are a few family portraits by Sir Joshua, Vandyke, and Hudson, and some specimens of ancient armour. On the floor is a unique mortar, said to belong to Bodiam Castle. Besides the hall, the only other part of the house into which visitors are admitted, is the vaulted drawing-room, supposed to have been the *locutorium*, or reception-room, in the time of the monks. This chamber is about the length of the hall, but not nearly so wide. The vaulting of pointed arches is supported by three pillars in the centre, and twelve corbels at the sides and angles.

The ruins of the old abbey are highly interesting, but, from their great extent, it is impossible, within our limited space, to notice more than a few of the most prominent objects. Among these we may glance first at the only remaining portions of the church, which consist of nine handsome arches filled up with masonry, standing in front of the dwelling-house. It was on this spot that Harold planted his standard; it was here that the last struggle took place for the possession of that standard, which cost the lives of a dozen Norman knights; it was here that the brothers of Harold fell in its defence; and it was here too, in all probability, that Harold himself, the arrow in his brain, fell a corpse upon that soil which he died in vain to defend. The ground plan of the church is no longer traceable; a spot is pointed out where the foundations of the choir were dug up, and in the choir stood the high altar, which was reared over the place where the body of Harold was found. The refectory, which Walpole thought was the church, is a magnificent ruin 150 feet long, and 35 broad; the east and west sides, and the south end, are still in a good state of preservation, but the north end has been destroyed. The walls are pierced on all sides with lancet windows to the number of twenty, and there are several fireplaces yet remaining. Under the refectory, along its whole extent, are a number of vaulted chambers, the most remarkable of which are a crypt, and a spacious room with transomed windows, which was perhaps the *scriptorium* or library. Eastward of the refectory are the foundations of the chapter-house, and also a subterranean prison. One of the most striking parts of the whole ruin is the great gate at the entrance of the quadrangle, which directly fronts the street from the London-

road. Though not more than 25 feet high, it is a singularly imposing structure. It forms, however, no part of the ancient edifice, being probably erected about the time of Henry VI. The arch of the chief entrance is massive, and obtusely pointed, and the style evidently of the Tudor period. At each side of the gateway rise handsome octagon turrets, crowned with battlements. The apartment over the gateway was formerly used as a town-hall; but at the latter end of last century the roof was driven in by a violent tempest, and the town-council of Battle had to seek another place for their assemblies.

Ere leaving Battle, the tourist may bestow an hour in a visit to the parish church. It was built by one of the abbots of the abbey somewhere about the twelfth century. It contains some curious monumental brasses, the monument of Sir Anthony Browne, and some ancient mural paintings. In the churchyard is a gravestone to the memory of an old servant of the Webster family, who died at the age of 120.

Here we must of necessity cease our personal narrative, and close this paper with the addition of such scraps of information on the subject of Hastings and its neighbourhood, as it is desirable that the stranger should be made acquainted with. The first thing which strikes us as worthy of note is a matter specially affecting the invalid; we allude to the variety of climate, and the salubrity of atmosphere which this spot presents. The old town of Hastings, possessing a southern aspect open to the sea, and being sheltered in every other direction by high lands and lofty cliffs, is perhaps as little subject to sudden changes of temperature as any place in England. Further, from the nature of the soil, which is principally of sand and sand-rock, which speedily absorbs humidity and prevents evaporation, this part of the coast is, to a great extent, free from those cold land-fogs which are the terror of the asthmatic and consumptive. In the next place, the neighbourhood of Hastings is so rich in natural beauties for the lovers of the picturesque, and so abounding in objects of archaeological interest to amuse the antiquarian, and in historical associations and legendary tales, that few places could be found possessing such various means of pleasurable excitement. Of some of these natural beauties and historical relics we have given a description; to others our space forbids us to do more than merely advert.

Let us recommend the summer resident at Hastings to pay a visit to Winchelsea; a town which has been once pushed from its original site by the fury of the sea, and then abandoned by the sea altogether, till its harbour was choked up and its trade ruined; and which is now little more than a barren memento of past prosperity. There he will find manifold memorials of ages long past and forgotten; and one still pleasanter to look upon of a great man never to be forgotten, which, in the form of a stately tree, stands in Winchelsea churchyard. Under this tree, John Wesley, on the 7th September, 1790, preached the last sermon of the tens of thousands which during a long life he had delivered in the open air.

Let the visitor also proceed to Rye, which was once the refuge of the French protestants, when, taking warning from the massacres of St. Bartho-

lomew, they fled from the assassin sword of the French king, and where to the present day the names of the inhabitants attest their French extraction. Rye, like Winchelsea, has once seen better days; and the relics of these are the objects that most interest the traveller. In the fine old church, of mixed Norman and English architecture, are a communion table and a clock which were part of the spoils of the Spanish Armada (so says the popular account), and presented to the town by queen Elizabeth.

Besides these, we might mention many other places within the distance of an easy drive or a healthy walk:—Pevensey, where the Conqueror landed, and which was the birth-place of the eccentric physician, Andrew Borde—Hurstmonceux, with its noble castle, grand and dignified in decay, and its ancient church, where yet reposes William Pfenles, knight, and pledges his knightly faith, upon a tablet of brass, that whoever will say a paternoster and an ave for the repose of his soul, shall secure six score days of pardon!—Crowhurst, which boasts the largest yew-tree in England, measuring thirty feet in girth, and the road to which forms one of the most romantic and picturesque drives in the neighbourhood,—and Brede, renowned for the beautiful interior of its old church, and the remarkable old monuments it contains. All these places the visitor who has leisure at command will do well to explore, and in the course of so doing he can hardly fail of meeting with many others, possessing equal claims to remembrance.

We have packed our carpet-bag and are ready to start for Brighton; but the train will not arrive for an hour or two, so we drop into Hastings old church of All Saints, a venerable and substantial building of the early part of the fourteenth century. This church is most appropriately situated at the entrance of the town from the London road, and the churchyard slopes up the hill, the pathway through it being bordered with trees. There are many curious relics of the ingenuity and piety of a past age, cognisable by the careful observer, both within and without this ancient structure; but in our view it is chiefly remarkable from the fact, attested by an entry in the church books, that the notorious and infamous Titus Oates was, during a part of the period of the protectorate, its officiating minister. This unhappy man was a native of Hastings. His father was rector of All Saints', and had previously been chaplain to Colonel Pride. Titus was convicted of perjury in the reign of the second James, and underwent a sentence so savage, and executed with a severity so intense, as to give rise to a suspicion that it was intended to be fatal. If so, he disappointed his judges; for he lived to the age of 75, enjoying in his latter years a liberal pension from the government of William, and the reputation of a martyr!!

But we must bid reluctantly a farewell to Hastings, railway trains being more imperative than time or tide. The train is signalled as we approach the station. We drop into our seat, and in one minute are dashed into the utter darkness and cold chill of a tunnel a mile long, which blots Hastings from our view for a twelvemonth to come—perhaps for ever.

THE ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF FISH.

A VERY interesting little pamphlet under the above title has been recently published, describing the practical application by two French fishermen of a process by which fish in rivers may be multiplied almost indefinitely. The details of the discovery are scarcely adapted for our pages; but the following quotation from the pamphlet referred to will probably be read with great interest, promising, as the discovery does, to open up to our labouring population enlarged and cheap supplies of a wholesome article of diet.

"For this glorious but singularly simple idea the world is indebted to two humble fishermen, named Gehin and Remy, of an obscure village called La Bresse, in the department of the Vosges, in France. The department of the Vosges is traversed by the Moselle, and possesses many of the tributaries of that beautiful river, together with several streams and some lakes. The fine clear waters of all these, made them the most famous resort of trout in all France; and the production of that fish was so considerable, that it formed a large portion of the food of the population.

"Several years ago, however, the yield was observed to decline, and it continued year after year to diminish. Messrs. Gehin and Remy made it their business to attempt to discover if any, and if so, what means could be devised for checking the evil. Having watched the proceedings of the male and female at spawning time (it is in the month of November in the Vosges), they soon saw how they were to act. Their first experiment was crowned with extraordinary success. This was in 1841. In 1842, 1843, and 1844, they again repeated their experiments, and in each case in the most triumphant manner. In the latter year, to encourage them, the Société d'Emulation des Vosges gave them a bronze medal, and granted them a sum of money. They were subsequently employed to exercise their system in the different rivers and streams of the department, and in those of the adjacent departments. In the course of a short time they succeeded in stocking these waters with millions of trout.

"It is to be observed, that although the fecundation of the eggs of fish by the means employed by Gehin and Remy was known to scientific ichthyologists, it was perfectly unknown to them. These poor men had never heard of Golstein or Jacobi, of Lacépède or Sannoni; they had probably never in their lives opened a book on the natural history of fish; consequently it was by their own unaided intelligence and patient investigation that they arrived at the discovery of the 'great fact'; and surely the same credit is due to them for it, as if it had been quite original. Though they came after Golstein, they rank as high, nay higher, for they had none of his instruction or means of observation.

"Though bad news proverbially flies fast, information really useful to the public not unfrequently travels very slowly. It was so in this case. Until the beginning of 1849, nothing was heard of the discovery and its great results beyond the department of the Vosges and its immediate vicinity; and perhaps nothing would have been heard of it

until this day, if an eminent and learned physician residing in the department, who had taken much interest in the matter, had not called attention to it. For performing this act of justice and kindness, a very deep debt of gratitude is due to him, not only from his own countrymen, but from foreign nations.

"This gentleman, Doctor Haxo of Epinal, perpetual secretary of the Société d'Emulation, and member of the Conseil Académique of the department of the Vosges, addressed, in the month of March, 1849, an admirably written communication to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, describing Gehin and Remy's *modus operandi* and its astonishing results. The sensation which this paper created was extraordinary, amongst the public as well as in the Academy; and surprise was generally expressed at the singular fact that it should have fallen to two uneducated fishermen to show the practical value of a discovery known to the learned for nearly a century.

"The Academy, seeing at once the immense national importance of the two fishermen's proceedings, hastened to call the attention of the government to it. The government, on its part, after making proper inquiries and finding all that was said was true, resolved, as was plainly its duty to do, to have the system applied to all the rivers in France, and especially to those in the poorer provinces. Gehin and Remy were accordingly summoned to Paris, and taken at once into the employment of the government at good salaries; their duties being first to stock with fish, by their system, such rivers as should be pointed out to them, and next to teach that system to the peasantry. They were treated, too, as men who have made a great scientific discovery and secured an immense benefit to their country. Many *savans* vied with each other in doing them honour; and the President of the Republic and his ministers made them dine at their tables and figure at their receptions. A commission, consisting of distinguished scientific men, was appointed to superintend their operations.

"Shortly after Dr. Haxo had, by his communication to the Academy, called public attention to the discovery, very liberal offers were made to Gehin and Remy, by the governments of Spain and Holland, to introduce their system into those countries, but they declined to quit France.

"Since they have been taken into the service of the French government, they have stocked streams and rivers at Allevard, Pontcharra, Sassenage, Veurey, Vizille, Bourg d'Oisans, Rives, Pont-en-Royans, Paladru, Lempis, St. Geoire, Arandon, La Buisse, and Grenoble, in the department of the Isère; in numerous places in the department of the Haute Loire; also in the departments of the Allier, the Lozère, the Meuse, the Meurthe, the Haute Saône, and several others.

"M. de Caumont, a gentleman of property, has experimented on their system in Normandy with great success; as have also the director of the canal from the Rhone to the Rhine, in the vast reservoirs of Huningue, and different noblemen and gentlemen in Burgundy, in Brie, in the neighbourhood of Dijon, and in numerous other parts of the country."

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

CHAPTER II.

MICHAEL ANGELO was a painter and sculptor; William Hogarth, in his day, was an engraver as well as a painter; and Edward Frankland was both a designer and an engraver. The first art he had studied as a profession; the second, as a recreation. His prospects in his profession had been flattering; but the commercial panic which had swept away his father's property and his own, had also brought to ruin the house in which he had found lucrative employment, and had greatly deadened that branch of business in which he was engaged, as well as almost every other. Thus, at the time the grateful and affectionate old servant sought out her former benefactor, the prospects of the Franklands were very dark and gloomy.

There is an old book which encourages us to cast our bread upon the waters, with the assurance that it shall be found again after many days. The same old book also bids us not to despise the poor, not to say to a hungry and destitute brother or sister of the human family, "Depart in peace, and be ye warmed and filled," withholding at the same time "those things which are needful to the body." The same old book teaches us to rejoice with those who rejoice, and to weep with those who weep; to do good and to communicate blessings; to be merciful, even as He who is our Father in heaven is merciful; and to bestow, freely, heartily, and disinterestedly, not hoping nor wishing to receive again.

And little did the kind-hearted lady, whose compassion was touched by the sight and sounds of distress in the poor neglected motherless child, and who thenceforward provided for her a home, imagine that, twenty years afterwards, and when she herself should have escaped the changes and sorrows of life, the tables would be turned, and that this child would be the humble but kind and efficient stay of husband and son.

On the day that our story opened, Edward Frankland had endured much of that sickening anguish of spirit which, though not incidental to professional life alone, is in no class felt more keenly. He had gone from warehouse to warehouse, wearied and dejected, to meet rebuffs at almost every turn. It had seemed to his perhaps disordered fancy that purse-pride, impatience, capriciousness, and contempt, had been concentrated upon his poor devoted head on that day. His portfolio of designs had been, in some places, unceremoniously and impatiently thrust aside; in others, it had been opened only to draw down upon him sneers at his taste and exceptions to his execution. One house alone—its living representative we mean, of course—had sparingly bestowed commendation and encouragement, and had laid down the money for one design; but had given him no very sanguine hope for further orders. But even for this slight gleam of success poor Edward had been thankful, and hastened, as we have seen, to expend the limited proceeds of his day's weary labour in luxuries for his sick father.

Could a stranger have peeped into the small sitting-room in Edgware-road that evening, and heard the conversation of Mr. Frankland and Edward—how the son talked hopefully of future

days, cheerfully of his day's engagements, enthusiastically of his determination to succeed, if success could be won by perseverance, and gratefully of Hester Green and Hester Green's husband;—how he avoided even the shadow of an appearance of a desponding look, or the vibration of a desponding tone, that might distress the invalid;—how, with affectionate earnestness, he urged his father to drink the wine and moisten his lips with the fruit, and afterwards poured out for him the cup of fragrant tea, bought, as he said and believed, at the best tea-shop in London, which would compose him for his night's rest;—and then have seen how the sick man strove to conceal his desponding griefs, if he had them, and his bodily infirmities; how he sipped the wine, and ate the fruit; not so much probably to please his own palate, as to content his boy; could the stranger have heard, too, how the father talked of the past with thankfulness, and of the future with hope, while on both father and son a bright gleam of happiness, not of this world, but of another and a better, seemed to rest, irradiating their pale faces, and chasing away every shade of blighted fortune and depressing pain, and drooping expectation:—we say, could all this have been witnessed by a stranger, that stranger would have learned a lesson worth a long and painful pilgrimage to have attained.

Three years passed away, and brought with them but little change in circumstances, or variation in the daily occupations of our young artist. It was a struggling life. Sometimes a gleam of better success had cheered him on, to be again thrust back by some unlooked-for disappointment. His father lived, however, and even regained some of his lost health; and this was in itself happiness to Edward Frankland. They still retained their lodgings, and Hester was as motherly as ever; and Edward earned enough to keep clear of debt. But he could obtain no permanent engagement; and he had to submit to the innumerable caprices of those who occasionally employed him, and who, without remorse, tore to rags and tatters—metaphorically speaking—the most favourite productions of Edward's hand and brain. His time, too, was sadly wasted with hawking—we can use no better word—hawking his designs about town, and in altering—spoiling he said—to suit the whim of the purchaser, almost every design he composed. With all this, however, Edward's time would not have been entirely occupied, but for his increasing devotion to the art which he had chosen for a recreation. Night after night, long after laying aside his pencils and palette, and when his father had retired to his bedroom, did Edward trim his lamp afresh, and strain his eyesight over his graving tools. And thus, for three years, as we have said, had the young artist struggled on.

During this time, Hester's husband had been able to serve young Frankland very materially with the results of his experience as a copper-plate printer, and by obtaining for him facilities for proofing his work in the office of his (Green's) employer. For several months, indeed, there seemed to have been secrets of no mean interest locked up in the bosoms of the young artist and his friend Green, to which neither old Mr. Frankland nor

Hester was to be admitted. Almost every evening, the retirement of Mr. Frankland for the night was the signal for the printer to creep stealthily into Edward's workshop, as he chose to call a small garret with a sloping roof and no furniture save the materials of his two arts, and a German stove, which same garret the young artist had, with Hester's consent, appropriated as his own. There the two friends held solemn conclaves, till Hester herself began good-naturedly to make believe to grumble.

The mystery, whatever it was, had continued for some time, when one evening Edward Frankland returned home, accompanied by Hester's husband. The latter held in his hand a brown paper parcel, which he laid upon the table of the little parlour. Snatching it up with a trembling hand, Edward rapidly cut the string, at the moment when Hester had entered the room with a light. "Why, what have you got there?" she exclaimed. "Oh, that is beautiful!"

This exclamation was uttered as Edward held up the proof impression of an engraving, which he looked at with the affection that a young artist might well be pardoned for feeling in the contemplation of an apparently successful effort for fame and—subsistence.

"Thank you, my dear good friend," he said, with suppressed feeling; and he still gazed upon the picture.

"So that is what you have been about so long, and have made such a secret of, is it, master Edward? Well, it is beautiful; I can't think how you manage such things: and do you think you are going to make a fortune by it, master Edward?" asked Hester.

"I am afraid not, Hester; that is, I don't know that I want to make a fortune by it; if I can only get a decent price for the copyright, I shall be contented; but that is yet to be done."

"Copyright! what's that?"

The young artist explained.

"Well, that's all a mystery to me, and I don't understand it, and never shall," replied Hester: "now, why don't you have a lot of them printed, and sell them at once?"

Edward still attempted to enlighten his kind-hearted friend, but with little success. Then turning to James Green, he talked over the matter of copyright; and gradually, in spite of all his friend could say, he lost his gratified and exulting air and tone.

"I don't know that Hester is not right," he said; "she thinks this is a wild-goose chase, I know; and now that it is done, I am afraid my time and your kindness, my dear friend, will have been wasted. Who will have anything to do with an artist like me, without a name and, what is worse, without connexions?"

But Green would not admit that there could be a difficulty. It was a good work of art, he said, a striking subject, a capital design, a novel yet glowing conception; it was splendidly executed and beautifully finished; in short, it must, it would, and it should achieve a name, and open a new path for his young friend.

It was, perhaps, a month later, that the young artist might again have been seen hastily walking

towards his quiet home. His countenance, thinner than ever, was alternately pallid and flushed, his eyes were downcast, his bloodless lips compressed, and his limbs trembled either with weakness or suppressed emotion—perhaps with both. It was the old story of genius rebuked, talents under-rated, and hope destroyed; it may soon be told. Disheartened by his growing experience as a designer, and, it may be, ambitious of employing himself in a higher walk of art, Edward had both studied hard and worked hard, and had patiently but hopefully looked forward to the day—the day which at length had come.

One strong and influential motive had both impelled and sustained the young artist; this was an affectionate concern for his invalid parent. Nothing, he had been told, could restore Mr. Frankland to his former health but generous living and the enjoyment, for a time at least, of sea-breezes. The first of these remedies Edward had procured by acts of long-continued and secret self-denial; the latter was to be the reward of his more recent labours with the graver. Could he, to compass this, realize enough ready money by the copyright of that engraving upon which he had concentrated all his skill and genius, he should be more than satisfied. And with this consummation of his wishes in view, the young artist had, with trembling eagerness, introduced himself to one publisher after another. We will not follow him in his mortifying and most painful course. It was all in vain. He had neither name nor introduction—how could he expect to succeed? This is the story in short. How much heart-sickening anguish it includes and implies, let the reader judge.

Woe-begone and prostrated in spirit, young Frankland, on that evening, reached his home. He had laboured in vain; the thought and skill and midnight labours of many months had been wasted, and worse than wasted. He entered his chamber and shut the door.

Fear not, reader, he shall come out unscathed. "Blessed is the man," is the declaration of Him who cannot deceive, "that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is." Edward Frankland entered his chamber cast down and almost in despair; he left it composed and even cheerful. He had sought and found relief in prayer. An hour or two later, Edward was once more in his "work-shop," and with him was his constant, faithful friend Green. The young artist had put out of sight, hoping perhaps to put out of mind also, all traces of his engraving, and was busy with his ordinary occupation of pattern designing.

"I must make up for lost time," he said to his friend.

"Then you have not succeeded to-day, Mr. Edward?"

"No," replied the young artist quietly, though there was a suppressed sigh and a quivering of the eyelid which did not escape the notice of his quick-sighted companion: "No. I suppose I must believe what every one tells me, that I have mistaken my road; and all I have to do is to get back again as soon as I can."

"Everybody does not say so, Mr. Edward."

"True, you and Hester; but you know that your wife would think anything that you or I

could do, a marvel of cleverness and a triumph of art; and as to you, my good friend, you are only too kind and partial."

"I was not thinking of myself or Hester either," said James Green; "but I want to beg a great favour of you, Mr. Edward."

"I am sure there is nothing I *can* do for you, that I would not—what is it?"

"I want you to let me have that plate, to do what I like with, and to ask no questions about it, for—say one month."

"A very worthless favour that, my good friend. Take it, by all means, and do what you please with it."

This was a winter's evening dialogue. Summer came, and on the healthy downs of the Sussex coast, near Hastings, might be seen every fine day, through two entire months, an elderly gentleman, in infirm health, but gaining fresh strength and muscular power daily, accompanied and supported by a young man, who watched every step of his more aged companion with the solicitude of a tender nurse, or rather of an affectionate son. They were father and son; they were our friends the Franklands. All day long they seemed to have little to do but ramble; but when evening came, and they were shut up in their comfortable lodgings, and the elder visitor had withdrawn for the night, the younger, with hope and enthusiastic love of art lighting up his countenance, sat down to the work that was no longer doubtful in its promised results. In the course of a few short weeks, a strange alteration had taken place in his prospects.

The poor despised engraving, upon the copyright of which no one could be found to venture more than the value of the copperplate as old metal (so Edward had been assured), but which the persevering kindness of a journeyman printer—a *mere mechanic*, as some would have said—and the discernment of that man's employer, had introduced to public notice—had become the popular engraving of the day. At first the few proof engravings, for one of which a vacant frame in a picture dealer's shop had been found by Green's employer, went off but slowly; but they did go. Then came a demand for more, and more, and more. Then came orders from one house after another, and the press was kept busily at work to supply the demand. Then hastened the happy journeyman printer to pour out before his astounded young friend the golden produce of the first week's sale. Then came fresh orders, until in every picture-shop might be seen the first production of the burine of the promising young artist. Then came proffers for the copyright, such as a short time before would have made Edward's heart jump for joy, but which now he wisely and steadily refused: and then came —, but we need not add to our "then comes," nor is it necessary to say precisely how many scores of pounds the young artist gained by his first public trial of talent as an engraver. Nor need we enlarge upon his future smooth and prosperous course. He had broken through the charmed circle which keeps aloof the unknown and unrecognised artist, and outside of which many a poor son of genius has, we fear, lain down to die, in hopelessness and want. Filial duty had reaped its reward.